



A NINETEEN-TWENTY MODEL—Painted Especially for
This Page by Carl Link.

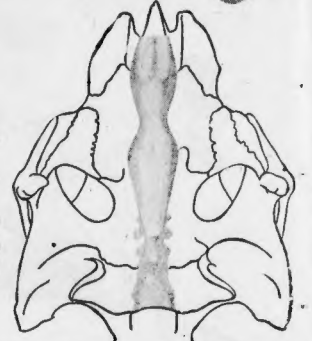
Copyright, 1920, by
Carl Link.

The Aeroplane Dinosaur of Million Years Ago

Science Reconstructs One of the Weirdest of Prehistoric Monsters with Hollow Bones, Great Air Cavities Within Them and a Series of Enormous Plates Along Its Back for Coasting Through the Air Like Some Gigantic Gliding Machine

The Reconstruction of the "Father of All the Birds" Showing Its Bird-Like Head and the Movable Plates Which Served It as Gliding Flaps. (Photo Reproduced by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.)

The Outline Shows the Shape of the Skin of the Gliding Stegosaurus in the Centre Is Seen the Little Two-and-a-Half-Inches of Brain Which Controlled Its Movements.



By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

BACK about a million or so years ago, during what is now called the Jurassic Period, when most of the earth was a steaming swamp, Nature carried on what was certainly her most fantastic experiments in animal making. This was the time of the dinosaurs, gigantic reptilian creatures whose weird, nightmarish shapes were strongly suggestive that Mother Nature had an extreme case of creative indigestion after a course of cosmic Welsh rabbit. As a matter of fact she was specializing in bulk at that time at the expense of brain. Ages afterward she had learned her lesson and the dinosaurs were wiped out.

But among this collection of monsters none has so interested modern men of science, who by studying the fossil book of the earth are restoring this faded page, than the creature named Stegosaurus. Stegosaurus ran from fourteen to twenty-eight feet between the shoulders of its forelegs and those of its back legs. His tail ran about the same length. Neck and head ranged from six to ten feet. The average Stegosaurus was about thirty feet long from the tip of his bird-beaked head to the end of his pronged tail, and stood about twelve feet high at the hips. The forelegs were extremely short; the back legs almost three times as long and in a manner kangaroo-like. It was not, however, his size that aroused the curiosity of science and set Stegosaurus apart. It was a most extraordinary equipment of huge plates in double file all along its back.

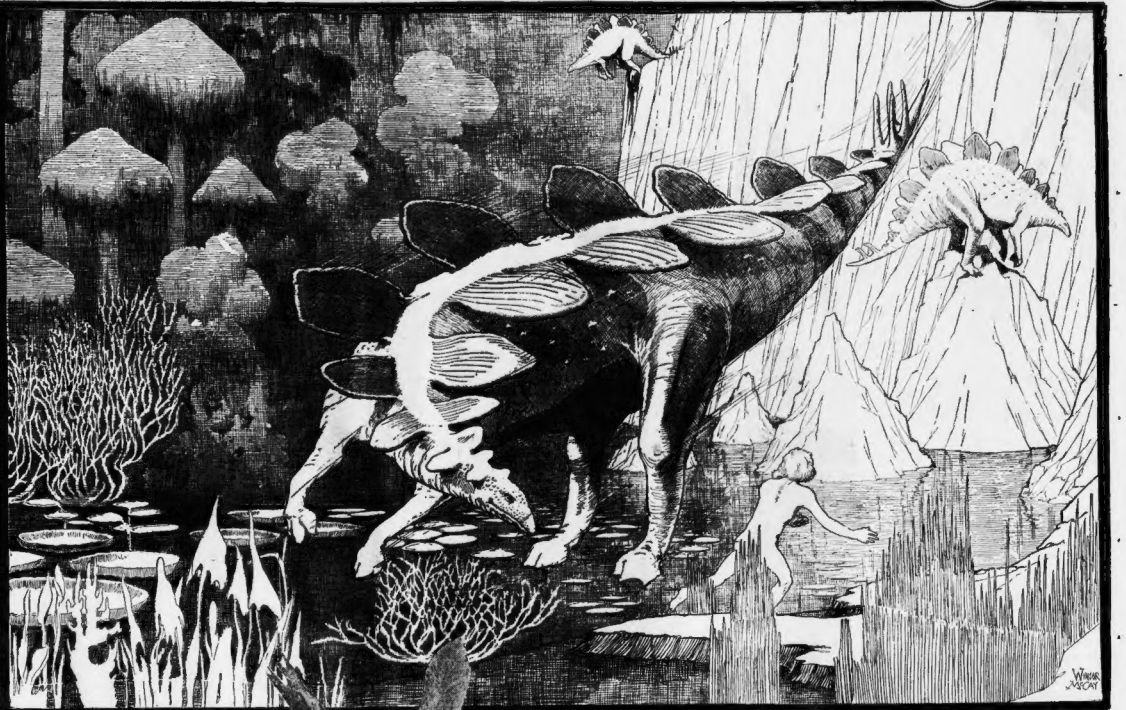
For nearly half a century every paleontologist in the world has attempted to explain the reason for these plates and there have been more harsh words passed over the remains Stegosaurus than over any other animal past or present.

This controversy has now been set definitely at rest by the astonishing discovery that in the Stegosaurus Nature was trying her apprentice hand at the first aeroplane! This discovery came about through the finding of a perfect specimen with skull and the masses of skeleton bones joined together just as they were in life, a specimen so complete that from it the experts of the National Museum at Washington, where it was sent, had no difficulty in reconstructing the whole musculature of the creature and what they believe to be almost a photographic appearance of it in life.

The first finding of the truth came when it was certain that the series of mysterious plates which ranged from just behind its head two-thirds down its tail were not attached to the spinal column, as had been thought. They were not bone, but of a horny nature, flexible and easily manipulated by the muscles of the great body. The plates were, in fact, gliding surfaces, immeasurably like those of the planes of today, which could be raised or lowered at the instance of their owners, carrying the huge bodies through the air in electric leaps or enabling their owners to glide down through the air from one elevation to a lower one. Furthermore, it was found that the weight of this dinosaur was not nearly so great as had been surmised. Its great bones were hollow like those of the birds, and contained large air chambers. There is evidence that the plates or flaps were very light and buoyant.

The little flying squirrel progresses through the air today somewhat as this dinosaur did ages ago. Its skin forms a surface by which it is enabled to "volplane" from heights to the ground or from limb to limb of the trees. Back in the steaming Jurassic time the Stegosaurus was the weird and titanic flying squirrel of its age. With its huge plates along its back, each side of its back it could depress these to form planes that buoyed it in a swift rush from elevation to elevation, or that like the old gliders from which the aeroplane was evolved, it could lift up the body under the driving impetus of the enormous hind legs, carrying it in flight for hundreds of feet. A weird spectacle, it is true, but could have seen it, must have been the scorn of these monsters. But many thousands of years had still to pass before even the hairy ancestors of man could evolve.

Of course, the Stegosaurus could not fly like the birds. Even if the reptile had flapped its plates over so swiftly it could not have risen above the ground by their means alone. It had, nevertheless, partial command of the air and so it is entitled to be considered the father of all heavier-than-air machines.



And in some ways even more astonishing, it would seem to be the father of the birds. He was the factory in which the first bird was built. Science is asking the question if these plates were not the first step toward the feathered wings of the air devils.

The only actual wings existing when Stegosaurus lived were those of the primitive dragon fly—who was about three feet long and whose scientific name—*Paleodictyopteron*—is thus justified by its size. It took this dragon fly, science believes, about nine million years to get out of the water and convert its legs into wings. If the birds evolved from Stegosaurus they bent the record of the dragon fly considerably. The Stegosaurus started in early the Jurassic era and spread from the far north in what is now Alberta down through Wyoming and Colorado, where their heads were the most numerous, to the Gulf of Mexico. Out of this period certainly came the birds. After the reptile bird the fossil sculled and feathered Archaeopteryx followed the first mammal form, the bat. The Jurassic might well be termed the wing-evolving era of the geological age.

Of Stegosaurus's relationship to the birds Professor Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, has written—and this before the recent discoveries have confirmed and gone so much further than his own conclusions—that the partly armoured dinosaurs, "known as Stegosaurus, are related to the iguanodonts and belong to the bird-pelvic group, Ornithischia. The small Triassic ancestors of this great group were herbivorous, ornithischian dinosaurs."

So, not only the Stegosaurus, but also his ancestors, were evolving flight functions. We know with fair certainty that out of this group finally arose the living fowl, the ostrich—part reptile, part mammal and part bird—which, although it has wings, cannot fly, but uses its wings as an aid to swift walking and running. Also out of this group arose the living flying birds, such as the penguin, which, although it cannot fly in air, can fly under water by aid of its wings, and swiftly, too.

The Little Flying Squirrel of Today, Which Coasts Through the Air by Means of the Web Surface of Skin Between Its Legs, Precisely as the Gliding Dinosaur Was Enabled to Do by Means of Its Movable Plates.

Note, by the way, in the illustration of Stegosaurus, the crouching attitude of the bird just before it leaps into the air. And with all of its handicaps to flight, it went on specializing in functions of flight for the benefit of its descendants, carrying on with a considerably larger scale, the evolutionary processes of its ancestors. Of these Professor Gregory states: "Each year we hold a seminar on this subject, in which the rival claims of the close kinship by birds are considered. Far back in the carboniferous ages the

remote common ancestors of birds, dinosaurs, flying reptiles and other reptilian groups were very primitive lizard-like reptiles with extremely small brains, comparatively sluggish habits and a highly variable body temperature."

Stegosaurus, then, retained the sluggishness, slow movement and infinitely small brains, but got as far as flapping on his back and a bank. If he could come back today the aviators could rig him up in a few minutes.

Further evolution toward life in the air was made by Stegosaurus in hollow bones and hollow air chambers in some of its larger bones, making for lightweight, and also showing that his weight, estimated by his bulk, has been largely overestimated. Dr. Barnum Brown reduces to several tons, hollow-boned dinosaurs accredited by their discoverers with twenty or more tons. In the bulk of an animal the chief weight lies in its bones rather than in its flesh and cavernous abdomens. Dr. Gilmore has presented the interesting features of this great reptile shown by reconstructing its entire skeleton, listing its associate creatures and

working out its peculiar environment, as follows:

"The extensive collections of Stegosaurus remains in the National Museum have, with few exceptions, been obtained from two important, though widely separated fossil deposits. These are the quarry in Albany County, Wyoming, and the one in Fremont County, Colorado. The former was the source of the greatest accumulation of fossil remains of this reptile known and from which the wonderfully complete skeleton of the species *Stegosaurus*, herein found, was obtained. There were obtained in this quarry the fossil remains of eleven other species of dinosaurs, some turtles, fish and one small mammal. The *Stegosaurus* skull was the most perfect yet found."

"The skull shows that the drawings which have appeared in numerous world's periodicals are wrong, incorrect in their details and wrong in their interpretations. The cranium was long and slender, wedge-shaped, the apex directed well forward; the nasal openings were long and well forward, and the eye-sockets were large, covering one-fifth of the length of the skull. While the horned dinosaurs, with skulls from seven to nine feet long, were the largest-headed vertebrates ever known, the Stegosaurus are the smallest-headed, when the great bulk of their bodies are considered. The eye cavities are larger than the brain case. An alligator has a brain two times larger. The elephant has a brain of eight pounds, or twenty times larger than that of Stegosaurus."

"The jaws have 184 functional teeth, so small and weak as to be a source of wonder and conjecture as to the real feeding habits. (This was a step forward to get rid of teeth and substitute the sheath bill of birds.) They would at least indicate that their food consisted of the most succulent plants."

The neural or spinal canal, was excep-

tionally large, to make way for nerve-brain matter, for which there was little room in the skull. At the lower end was a sacrum brain, twenty times larger than the skull brain, for the control of limbs and tail of the reptile."

Dr. Gilmore's description of how was found the perfect specimen from which the conclusions under discussion were made, is most interesting: "Stegosaurus died either in water or along the banks of one of the large streams of Colorado. If he died on the bank, before decomposition set in, a freshet bore the carcass down stream, and when the water subsided the body stranded on an old river bar. Before reaching the bar the softer tissues relaxed and allowed the projecting plates along the back to drop, and upon coming into shallow water their points were caught in the sand. The current acting against the carcass forced it over on the plates, folding them back underneath the ribs on the lower side. The larger plates above the hips and base of tail, which were doubtless strongly attached, retained their natural position. As decomposition proceeded the lower left side bones settled in the sand, moved much as in life, while the bones of the right side were piled above the backbone, above the upstanding hip bones. The action of the current laid out all of the bones in the same direction. Sand speedily covered the entire skeleton, making conditions right for fossilization."

"During the oncoming ages the sand accumulated to a depth of thousands of feet, the great pressure finally consolidating the skeleton into hard sandstone, in which our perfect fossil was found imbedded."

"The Stegosaurus or glider as the Stegosaurus was, the principle of all flight was there, the purpose was of nature on his back. Certainly he was the factory in which the first bird was built."

Romance of the Millionaire's Daughter Who Marries Just as Papa Said She Should

Constance Vauclain's Surprising Marriage to a Humble Bank Clerk and How It Will Test the Truth of the Old Adage That "Father Knows Best"

"Only a bank clerk? Fine!" says Mr. Vauclain. "That job will give him the training he needs to help Constance look after her fortune."

WHEN Constance Vauclain, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Samuel Vauclain, immensely wealthy president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, promised to love, honor and obey William H. Hamilton, of Brooklyn, her fashionable friends in the horse-show world and Philadelphia society had their breath taken away. It was a match so utterly different from what everybody had expected for this heiress of one of America's greatest fortunes.

Who was William H. Hamilton? Nobody knew. His name was not to be found in the social register, he was entirely unknown in the exclusive circles in which his heirs and her family have long been prominent figures. A little investigation showed that he was a perfectly worthy young man, but with no fortune, with no social standing, with nothing that would seem to give him any claim to the heart and hand of this fashionable heiress. From society's proud, mercenary viewpoint it was the sorriest of matches that was made when Constance Vauclain gave herself to a humble bank clerk in the offices of the Guaranty Trust Company.

But Constance's father is as delighted with his pretty daughter's match as her society friends are disappointed. In fact, if it had been possible for him to construct a son-in-law in his machine shops from his own blue prints and specifications, he would doubtless have turned out just such a young man as Mr. Hamilton.

"No social standing? Fine!" says Mr. Vauclain, who has never had any use for the typical society man. Constance herself has never cared for the butterfly life, and when her father was establishing a stable for her she was quite willing to give the promise which he exacted from her—that she would never encourage attentions from the society and horse types of men.

"Has no money? All the better!" says Mr. Vauclain. "Constance will have enough for them both when I die. And a man who is born poor will be far better able to appreciate the advantages and responsibilities of great wealth." The last, by the way, is one of the fundamentals of the Vauclain philosophy.

"Only a bank clerk? Great!" cries Mr. Vauclain, enthusiastically. "We should all know how to earn a living. I have taught Constance to keep house on a budget and to understand investments, and if she had been a boy she would now be wearing overalls and helping build locomotives in my shops. That job of young Hamilton's will give just the training he needs to help my daughter look after her fortune."

Thus you see Constance Vauclain, in marrying an obscure young bank clerk whose name and face are strangers to fashionable society, has proved herself that rarest of jewels nowadays—an obedient daughter. In choosing such a man for a husband in preference to the far different ones she might have had, she has made precisely the kind of marriage her father has always said she should, and he is su-



Mrs. Hamilton and the Husband Who Meets All Her Father's Exacting Requirements as Closely as if He Had Been Made to Order in Mr. Vauclain's Locomotive Works.

premely happy to think that she has not thrown herself away on some worthless parasite.

The head of the great locomotive works is a self-made man, and a mighty good job he has made of himself! Beginning in a store and hardware shop somewhere out north in Philadelphia, to-day Vauclain is known throughout the world as the "big engine man."

Mr. Vauclain is a hard-headed business man, but he has not been too busy making a name and a fortune to overlook the future happiness of his daughter. At the age of fifteen Constance was a national figure in the horse world; she drove her ponies at the national show in New York's Madison Square Garden and The Whip, her greatest prize winner, bought at a cost of \$10,000, was the envy of every horseman.

Mr. Vauclain saw that nothing he could do would discourage Connie from going ahead in her chosen career, and so he wisely encouraged her in the right direction. Her older sister, Anne, in whose name, by the way, Connie's horses were originally entered, was appointed her special chaperon and went everywhere with her. And sister Anne proved a stalwart supporter of her father's orders.

Even in the beginning Mr. Vauclain was thinking of Connie's future husband, and he did not intend to have her bring home a son-in-law who reeked of the Horse Show stables. Neither did he intend that she should marry any of the never-dwell so-

ciety butterflies that began to hover round Connie even before she made her debut.

No, indeed! The man who married Constance Vauclain and so became sharer in the Vauclain wealth must have as many points as The Whip or any other horse in the famous stable. Fortune or lack of fortune was not important. Vauclain appreciated fully that a man may be both rich and decent, but he contended that such a man would not be found hanging round the horse-show ring nor in the flock of butterflies hovering round his daughter. He wanted his daughter to marry for love, but he saw no reason why she should not fall in love with the right sort of man. His first step was to surround Connie with the proper chaperonage, and the second step was to hire honest-to-goodness stablemen to run her stables. No broken-down gentlemen with sporting proclivities were put in charge of her horses, and not by the wildest stretch of girlish imagination could Connie make heroes of her father's hired men!

The next important step was to drill her in a thorough understanding of money and what it might buy. She was put on an allowance, and more than this, she was given a budget within which her stable must be run. As she grew older she was taught to run a household on a budget and led to study the domestic tragedies that grew out of extravagance.

But Mr. Vauclain was cynical. He did not discuss husbands as personal matters with his daughter. That might have been fatal. He depended instead on his training and protection of her to lead her to make the right choice. The sons of many stables. Neither did he intend that she should marry any of the never-dwell so-

ciety butterflies that began to hover round Connie even before she made her debut. Naturally the marriage of a young woman of so spectacular a girlhood as Constance Vauclain enjoyed must be of intense interest to society, and particularly to that society whose walls she had scaled by way of her horses. But no one could point to any one man as more favored than another.

"Glad," said one man whose name spells society at its highest and gayest in the City of Brotherly Love, "I felt like a wind-broken horse when the Vauclain filly looked me up and down, and I decided that she had placed me way back in the field instead of in the winning row."

In May when the mistress of Broadlawn announced her engagement to one William H. Hamilton, fashionable society was stunned. Who was the lucky young man?

Hamilton, it was found, had been hard at work learning the banking business for some time. Fitting two and two together, Philadelphia gossip says that when Hamilton first met Constance he was just out of the army and that it was a quiet little suggestion from her that sent him to the bank to demand a job. The United States Army is a good school for financiers, at least a man learns the value

of a dollar there and also how to economize to the last degree. But to marry an heiress one needs a wider knowledge than can be learned from living on a junior officer's pay. So Hamilton went with the trust company at a salary less than Broadlawn paid some of its stable experts.

When, therefore he applied to Sam Vauclain for the job of son-in-law, he was able to prove that he was a real working man and knew something at least of how fortunes should be protected. Another thing in Hamilton's favor was his supreme lack of interest in horse shows and prize horses. Underneath Mr. Vauclain's specifications as to his son-in-law was the theory that one horse-mad member of a household was enough. He felt that Connie would be happier with a man whose life interests were entirely outside the ring. When

both husband and wife spend their time touring the country in search of silver cups and blue ribbons, children are apt to prove a nuisance and family life is therefore disrupted. And Samuel Vauclain, father of several children, believes firmly that children, and many of them, are great stabilizers of domestic happiness. William H. Hamilton fitted in splendidly with all Mr. Vauclain's theories, and the latter speedily said "Bless you, my children!"

It was just the sort of marriage he had always wanted his daughter to make, and the careful skill with which he brought it about is an example other parents might well follow.

"Will it turn out as happily as he hopes?" That's the question. If it should not, it will be a body blow for the truth of the old adage that "father knows best."

Mrs. William H. Hamilton and One of the Prize-Winning Horses Given Her by Her Father on Condition That She Discourage the Attentions of Fashionable Society Men.

How Mrs. Blake's Bad Teeth Made Her Murder Her Son

**The Unhappy Mother
Cured and Made
Sane in Seven Months
by Removal of
the Defective Teeth,
Which Had
Poured Their Poisons
Into Her
Brain
for Years**

"In a wild paroxysm of mania Mrs. Blake, the once refined and gentle mother, threw her little boy into the stormy Winter sea from the deserted Atlantic City fishing pier."

MRS. ESTHER MILLER BLAKE, a young woman of wealth and refinement, drowned her little boy at Atlantic City, N. J., in a paroxysm of violent insanity.

She had always shown all a mother's natural love for her child and had even been excessively fond of him. Yet she confessed her crime in the most callous manner and showed not the slightest remorse. She was evidently not aware of the real nature of her act.

Mrs. Blake occupied an apartment at Atlantic City. Her husband, James Blake, from whom she was separated, lived in an adjacent house. Mr. Blake was a wealthy broker, with offices in the Commonwealth building, Philadelphia. He was deeply attached to his wife, in spite of their separation, and watched over her welfare as well as he could, but her violent mental aberrations and the interests of their two children made it impossible for them to live together.

On December 12, of last year, Mrs. Blake called at her husband's house and asked to take her little boy, James "Buddy" Blake, for a walk, which she was allowed to do.

The boy, by the way, was a deaf mute, and after taking him out she first called on a well-known physician and asked him about homes for deaf mutes. Then she took the boy on a trolley ride toward Ventnor, a suburb of Atlantic City, and an unfrequented place at that season of the year.

About an hour after she left Atlantic City she staggered on to the porch of Benjamin Fox, a resident of Ventnor, on the sea front. She was almost unconscious, her child was missing, her clothing was torn and her bag with her money was gone.

Between gasps she told a wild story about two negroes who had attacked her on the sea front, kidnapped her boy and stolen her money. On account of her distracted condition she was taken to the hospital.

The next day the poor boy's body, battered and bruised, was found by the Ventnor fishing pier. The mother's hat and bag had been picked up at the same place. No corroboration of the mother's story about the attack by two negroes could be obtained. Day by day the dreadful probability grew that the mother had made away with her own child. She repeated her wild story about the attack upon her with many variations, then grew uncertain and finally admitted that she had drowned the boy, but she exhibited no realization of the horror of her position.

The coroner's jury decided that she had slain her child while insane.

Investigation showed that remarkable mental disorders had inexplicably broken out in this young woman, who was originally healthy, normal, and intelligent. She was only thirty-five years old at the time of the tragedy and quite sane. At the five years she had had delusions of persecution and alternate fits of violence and great depression. At times she was a pyromaniac, trying secretly to set fire to the dwellings of her family.

Judge Inverett, of Atlantic City, ordered a medical inquiry into the woman's state of mind. Two physicians, Doctors Charles Gurnea and John Beckwith, reported that she was insane and that her condition was permanent. As a result Judge Inverett committed her to the state hospital for the insane at Trenton, N. J.

It was on December 12, 1919, that Mrs.

Blake drowned her little son. To-day, after seven months in the Trenton institution, she has been discharged as cured and sane. The removal of a few teeth checked the flow of poisons that interfered with the normal functioning of her mind and rapidly her mental powers recovered their balance, although she had been declared hopelessly insane by several physicians.

She became once more the clear-headed, intelligent, refined woman she had been before her misfortune. Her conscience and her sense of right and wrong resumed their sway. There is one very sad feature about her cure. She now fully realizes the terrible fact that she has taken the life of her own child, whereas at the time she had a most imperfect realization of the enormity of her act and no feeling of remorse.

The cure of Mrs. Blake is a true miracle of modern medical science, the most remarkable of the many that have been achieved at the State Hospital at Trenton, N. J. The proportion of cures of insanity at this institution is believed to be larger than anywhere else in the world.

Exhaustive investigations at this institution proved that many cases of insanity were due to local centers of infection in the body—principally the teeth, the tonsils, the stomach and the intestines. From these centers of bacterial infection fresh supplies of poison are constantly poured into the blood, wrecking the nervous system and the brain.

It was found that a great majority of insanity cases requiring institutional treatment were due to these bacterial centers—probably as high as 75 per cent. The work of investigation and methods of treatment were under the direction of Dr. Henry A. Cotton, of the State Hospital.

When the underlying bacterial causes of insanity were established a system of treatment based on these discoveries was worked out. The object of the treatment is to ascertain whether local centers of infection exist in the patient's body, and then to remove them. The eradication of the principal centers of infection is accompanied by other forms of treatment that help the mind and body to throw off the effects of the poisons.

It was this system of treatment which poor Mrs. Blake underwent after her first commitment to the hospital. The first step in the treatment was to take an X-ray of the teeth. The picture revealed several infected teeth. This appearance was confirmed by laboratory tests and the infected teeth were removed. This step was followed by an immediate injection, which was known as "manic-depressive insanity."

Investigation showed that remarkable mental disorders had inexplicably broken out in this young woman, who was originally healthy, normal, and intelligent. She was only thirty-five years old at the time of the tragedy and quite sane. At the five years she had had delusions of persecution and alternate fits of violence and great depression. At times she was a pyromaniac, trying secretly to set fire to the dwellings of her family.

Judge Inverett, of Atlantic City, ordered a medical inquiry into the woman's state of mind. Two physicians, Doctors Charles Gurnea and John Beckwith, reported that she was insane and that her condition was permanent. As a result Judge Inverett committed her to the state hospital for the insane at Trenton, N. J.

It was on December 12, 1919, that Mrs.

of the blood and spinal fluid are also taken and examined.

As a result of all these examinations it was found that the most serious center of infection in Mrs. Blake lay in her teeth, not at all as had in appearance, but really infected so that they were constantly pouring a poison into the circulation that impaired her mind and made her totally irresponsible for her actions.

The long period of grief and great depression through which she had passed on account of the quarrel with her husband and the trouble about the child had greatly aggravated the bacterial infection.

Her sorrows had interfered with her digestion and broken down the body's normal resistance to the poisons.

If the infection had not been located in the teeth or tonsils the patient would have been put under observation with a view to an operation on the stomach or intestines. Many cases of insanity have been traced to poisons from these organs by decomposing food within the large intestine.

When the cause of Mrs. Blake's disease had been located in the teeth and they had been removed the principal cause of the trouble was gone, but many other steps were necessary to insure a perfect restoration of the body shattered mind and body.

A specific autogenous vaccine was prepared from the infected parts of the teeth and the patient received ten injections of this remedy. It has the power of arousing the body's natural forces of resistance to the bacterial poisons which still linger there, even when the original source of supply has been removed.

The nurses and attendants were fully informed as to the nature of the case under their care, and the unhappy patient was treated by them with every attention that would restore her mind to its former self-control. They watched for every sign of improvement, every indication that she was shaking off the pall of gloom and violent mania that lay upon her, and they noted every improvement by medical and chemical surroundings.

Following this the tonsils were examined. If infected, they are removed and cultures taken and sections are also made and examined in the laboratory for bacteria. Other intestinal examinations then follow. An abdominal X-ray is next taken together with fluoroscopic exposures, the results of which are recorded. Specimens



Little James "Buddy" Blake, the Five-Year-Old Victim of His Mother's Insanity.

Mrs. Esther Miller Blake, a Prominent Philadelphia Business Man, Who Became So Mentally That She Killed Her Own Son Without Realizing What She Had Done and Has Now Been Completely Restored to Sanity by the Removal of Her Defective Teeth.

effects of this contamination, which slowly and progressively undermines the nervous system. Then follow impaired reflexes, such as failure to respond to light or a slight, sharp blow—and after that comes nervous breakdown. Some observers believe that the poisons pass from the blood into the spinal canal and then into the brain.

Nervous breakdown is followed by absence of cooperation of the mental faculties and the condition culminates in distinct insanity, which is likely to take the form of melancholia or maniacal outbursts.

The question may be asked why is it that many men and women with badly neglected teeth do not develop insanity? The answer is that these persons have sufficient powers of resistance to throw off the intoxication. Complete mental breakdown usually occurs when some great sorrow or wasting illness lowers the vitality and permits the complete invasion of the system by the germs. The same reasoning applies with regard to the other causes of infection—the tonsils, intestines, etc.

Here we have an explanation of why some people become insane after a great disappointment in love. Through brooding constantly on one subject, going without sleep, exercise and proper food, they lose vitality and suddenly the germs which have long been held in check break loose and invade the whole system.

The streptococcus viridans microbe, which the doctors found in Mrs. Blake's case, has hitherto been known as the cause of endocarditis, an ulcerous condition of the heart.

This microbe is of the long chain type. It produces a soft granulation, a kind of tumor on the roots of the teeth. The tumors encircle the roots, which are covered with a connective tissue that gives good nourishment to the bacteria.

In some cases the roots of the teeth were absorbed and in others necrotic.

The streptococcus viridans is a hemolytic bacterium, that is to say, it causes bleeding of the gums. It occurs often in cases of wisdom teeth that do not come through the gums and is frequently very virulent, producing blood-poisoning.

As Mrs. Blake responded to the successive stages of the treatment, her once gloomy and distorted face began to assume

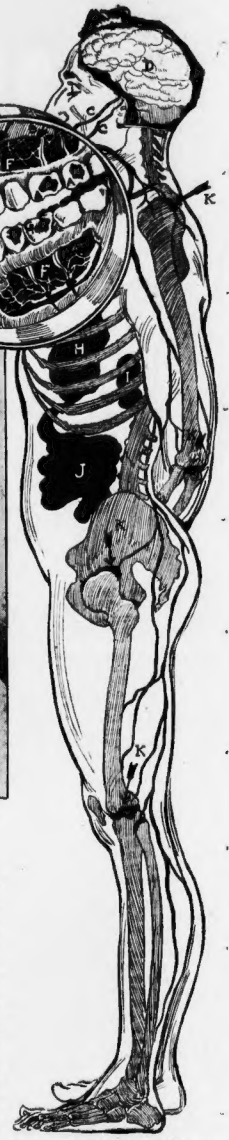


Diagram Showing How Defective Teeth Caused Mrs. Blake's Insanity:

Cavities in the Teeth, A Cause Death of the Pulp and Set Up Abscesses Containing Streptococcus Viridans Microbes at the Root. B. These Attack the Nerve, C. and the Poisons Travel along It to the Brain, D. Causing Mental Disturbances and Finally Insanity.

Inflamed Gums, E. Also Contain Pus and Frequently Rheumatism Germs, Which Pass Thence Through the Blood Vessels, F. to the System. Pus Choking Up the Kidneys, I. Cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Producing Deposits in the Joints, as at K. Cripples People.

Some Teeth Cavities, as G. Become Reservoirs for Tuberculous and Other Disease Germs Which Pass Into the Stomach, H. and Intestines, J. or to Lungs and Other Organs.

A happy, healthy and intelligent expression. Then came another great change, when her mind completely regained its balance and she understood that she had taken the life of her own child.

Her grief became pitiful. Saved from the horrors of madness by a miracle of science, she must still suffer throughout life. But her cure is permanent and she will use the blessing of sanity to help her bear her burden of grief.

The Old Florodora Sextette Love Germ Still Busy!



**"Tell Me Pretty Maiden"
—Whispered the
Major "It Might as
Well Be You," Said
She—and Lo
and Behold Romance
Stepped in Just as It Did**

**Twenty
Years
Ago!**

A GRAVE and dignified gentleman in the uniform of a major of the United States Army stood, not many days ago, upon the steps of the Hotel Astor in New York. If one had been observing him closely one would have seen the Major's shoulders straighten suddenly, his eyes brighten, a look of intense interest spread over his militarily stern face. Had the observer followed his glance it would have been seen to rest upon a daintily curved, piquant damsel who, with a friend, was tripping along to the corner of Forty-fourth street.

Watching farther, he would have seen the Major dart down the steps, take a position close behind the two pretty maidens, and follow them to the very entrance of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. At the stage entrance of that theatre they vanished.

The Major meditated for a minute. "H'm!" he said, and "h'm!" again. "To-day the lady upon whom the ardent glances rested is Mrs. H. B. Clark, wife of the military gentleman to whom the glances belonged."

And thus it is proven that the curiously romantic love germ which made famous the old Florodora Sextette was disturbed after twenty years with the comic opera and is still busy and doing business in the same old way at the old stand. For Mrs. Clark was, when Major Clark saw her, the leader of the new sextette of the resuscitated opera and was even then on her way to rehearsal.

First of the sextette, she is the first to go the way the Florodora sextette has always led. How soon will others follow?

To philosophers, both on and off Broadway, it is extremely interesting to note that the germ is still running true to form and that the new sextette is beginning to萌芽 just as did the old—that is, marry suddenly after somewhat unconventional meetings and wooings. And also, marry well—which means wedding millions or high position or both. For, while the curious careers of the old beauties had their share of hectic happenings and tragedies, it is, nevertheless, a fact that "sexette luck in love" has passed into a proverb in staiddom.

Back in those days girls strenuously endeavored to get into the number because they believed it would "change their luck." Socially ambitious girls, matrimonially ambitious girls, financially ambitious girls begged the managers to put them into the sextette. There was never any need to ask what sextette was wanted to. For not even the musically gifted one from "Lucia" had the voice of the enchanting naid who bobbed their heads, cast their hithering glances, stepped aside miming steps, and sang—"I really must love some one, and it might as well be you!"

There were new companies formed. Four such toured the country then, capitalizing the fame of the show. As marriages or trips to Paris depleted their ranks, the sextettes were replaced. It is no exaggeration to say that altogether there were 100 original and replacing sextettes—all of whom had their great romances whether happy or unhappy.



Major Clark and His Bride.

And at one time the waiting list for a place with the membership in this extraordinary matrimonial agency actually reached 500.

So when, on the opening night of Florodora's resurrection, what seemed the identical sextette of the old days came out the first entrance, heads bobbing beneath over-weighting pompadour, picture hats big and bejeweled nodding over lovely faces, graceful figures encoiled, it seemed uncomfortably, in light-waisted trained lavender gowns, with black silk trimmings, all those of the original sextettes left within reaching distance were in the theatre to comment. And of course the gossip ran mostly upon whether these girls would have the same fate and fortunes as the others—in other words, whether the same old Florodora germ was still working.

Mrs. Albert Stokes, twenty years ago, the Marjorie Reves of the original set, watched the procession of lavender ghosts of the past. Sitting in a box, as became the wife of a millionaire, she astutely shifted the jeweled shoulder band of her satin evening gown. Then with her broker

husband's aid she drew up her ermine cloak to cover the shoulder.

"Shades of the past!" she whispered. "That first girl is stunning. She looks like Vaughn Texmith. Vaughn led the sextette out every night. 'First on the stage, first into matrimony' we said about Vaughn. You know her name was Smith. But that isn't what you'd call quite an original name. So because she was from Texas the management printed her name 'Texmith' on the programme. Sure enough, Vaughn was the first to marry. She married Mr. Hall. You know he owned silk mills in Paterson, N. J. He died two years ago and Vaughn is managing the business beautifully herself. I wouldn't be surprised if that girl were the first to marry, too. What's her name?"

A man connected with the management entered the box. He bowed to the jeweled woman. He said: "What do you think of the ghost sextette?"

"Gave me the shivers for a minute," admitted Mrs. Stokes. "We all admire the first girl. Who is she?"

"Ethel Lores. A girl of means and family and culture," replied the visitor. "Her father owns oil wells in Oklahoma. She was educated in Europe. She's a linguist. A little thoroughbred with a will of her own! Knows what she wants and gets it."

The while she was the subject of discussion in the auditorium, Miss Lores was taking down her blonde pompadour in the crowded dressing room.

"I saw him in front to-night," she remarked to her chum, Miss Betty Palmer. "I did, too," she chimed. "I saw him in front to-night," she remarked to her chum, Miss Betty Palmer. "I did, too," she chimed. "I saw him in front to-night," she remarked to her chum, Miss Betty Palmer. "I did, too," she chimed.

"He is a stunner in that uniform. A major. Did you notice his oak leaf?"

"I don't think I did. Don't be silly, Eth. He's too old for you."

"I like men who are older than myself. I dote on men of distinction. He has such distinguishing bearing. He didn't look very distinguished when he followed us from the Hotel Astor to the Forty-fourth Street Theatre to rehearsal this morning. He looked to me like any other Johnnie. Only old enough to!"

A tall man in the impressive uniform of the United States Army bowed low to Miss Lores. "I regret that I am a stranger in New York," he said. "Else I would have found a more conventional means of meeting you."

There was tea in the orange room of the Hotel Astor every afternoon for two weeks. On the last day of the two weeks the tea was prolonged into an early dinner.

There was tea in the orange room of the Hotel Astor every afternoon for two weeks. On the last day of the two weeks the tea was prolonged into an early dinner.

There was tea in the orange room of the Hotel Astor every afternoon for two weeks. On the last day of the two weeks the tea was prolonged into an early dinner.

The Famous Original Florodora Sextette in the Number That Won for Its "Pretty Maidens" So Many Interesting Romances

The Major and the sextette leader sat alone in a corner of the orange room. Betty Palmer had tired for the day of her chaperoning. "It's of no use, anyway," she said. "I can restrain your speech. But I can't keep you from looking as though you'd like to eat each other."

The Major was too good a tactician to lose his—this heaven-sent or Betty-forded—opportunity. He told her he had loved her from the moment his eyes met hers.

"I was standing on the steps of the Hotel Astor and you and your friend were passing."

"To a rehearsal at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre," she assented.

"The moment I saw you my heart leaped up to my throat. I said: 'There is the only girl in the world for me.'"

"And I—well, I liked you, too."

"But you know what Miss Palmer says? 'Don't mind her. Betty says so many things.'"

"But you agreed with her when she told me that first day at tea that you said you were going to follow Miss Texmith. You would be the first girl from the new sextette to marry a millionaire. I am out of any office."

"But you're worth millions to me," Miss Lores's voice dropped so that he had to bend his head across the table to hear. He blushed ecstatically as she ended the sentence, "dear."

Whereupon a small purple velvet case was pushed across the table by a hand protruding from the sleeve of a uniform. The leader of the sextette opened it and breathed joyously at the sight. By the exercise of strategy he recovered the box, secured her small hand under the screening table cloth, and placed the ring upon her finger.

And so, as the novels delightfully say, "they were engaged." They met in March, became engaged in April, and were wedded in July. Miss Lores continued to lead the sextette only so long as it required to select her tressouner and have it made to her liking.

The marriage occurred in an old church on Broadway and Eighty-sixth street. Betty Palmer was the bridesmaid. There was a wedding supper on the breeze-wowing roof of the Hotel Malesville. They went to Canada for their wedding journey. All the time they are furnishing their new home in a smart Long Island suburb.

The major is the owner of a farm journal published in Des Moines. But he will not take his bride to the western city. "It is too far from Broadway for you, my darling," he said.

Ethel Lores Clark thinks she will not return to the stage. If her romance runs true to form, she will live happily ever after. None of the original sextettes ever came back to the footlights after marriage. Vaughn Texmith moves to New York now and then to "see a show." Marie Wilson, another of the originals, who cleared a million on Wall Street by means of a tip furnished her by the late James R. Keene, married Frederick Bickel, a prominent lawyer.

She lives in the African city. The large-eyed brunette, who followed Miss Texmith on and off the stage in the miming steps which punctuated "It Might As Well Be You," lingered for a time on the stage. But a broker in Denver induced her to leave Broadway forever behind her.

Agnes Wayburn, the tallest of the sextettes, who followed Miss Lores, died in the nightly procession across the Casino stage, was, while a sextette, the wife of the stage director Ned Vining. She divorced the director. Soon after she married a multi-millionaire of Johannesburg. She lives in the African city.

Marjorie Reves, who called the Bits widow of the sextette, her husband, William Davis Holmes, Andrew Carnegie's nephew, having dropped dead in the foyer of a New York hotel, his wife was out of town on a preliminary tour of Florida. After several years she married Albert Stokes and enjoys her ease from stage cares.

Ethel Selover, one of the most bewitching members of the sextette, married Francis Gurney Smith, chairman and officer of society's crack track T. A. in Philadelphia. She died before the revival of Florodora. Marjorie Walker resides in Atlantic City.

Miss Ethel Lores is the first to be missing from among the lavender ghosts.

Mrs. H. B. Clark, Recently Ethel Lores, of the New Sextette, and First to Go the Way of the Girls of the Old.

Ethel Lores in an Interesting Costume of the Life from Which Romance Has Taken Her

"Is she sitting in the front row?" Miss Lores looked up with interest.

"Yes."

"In uniform?"

"Yes."

"Now, Ethel!" implored Miss Palmer.

"Tell him we'll see him in the green room in ten minutes. Yes, you've got to go, too. Betty. You know you're my chaperone."

Betty followed grumbling.

A tall man in the impressive uniform of the United States Army bowed low to Miss Lores. "I regret that I am a stranger in New York," he said. "Else I would have found a more conventional means of meeting you."

There was tea in the orange room of the Hotel Astor every afternoon for two weeks. On the last day of the two weeks the tea was prolonged into an early dinner.

May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope) The Startling History of This Fascinating Stone, the "Curse" That Has Followed Its Owners for Fourteen Centuries and the Story of the Ruined Life of May Yohe, Who Once Owned It and Wore It.



PRINCESS LAMBALLE, BY FAIVRE.
Marie Antoinette had hung the wonderful fingers of the crowd. Her clothing was thrown to the pavement for the mob to revile

—AND—
the hands of the mob, by Johannst.



he Princess admired the Blue Crystal greatly, upon more than one occasion the Queen set it upon her, bidding her wear it at some function or upon the occasion of some public celebration. At this time the people were clamoring against the frivolities and extravagances of the young Queen. The Princess wearing the diamond which the queen possessed the Queen had purchased with state funds, sadly low, served to bring down upon the Princess hatred which later had much horrible expression. In August, 1792, the savage mob descended upon the series, where the lovely Princess was in close attendance upon her beloved Queen, seized her and took her to the prison of La Force, the crowds in the street seeing her as the carriage in which she was being rushed cell passed by, many voices raising the cry that she ranged with the chain with which she had hung the diamond around her neck! In September a mock tribunal, of which the notorious Bert was president, summoned one by one the aristocratic prisoners in La Force from their cells. When the Princess de Lamballe was called she replied to the jailer who summoned her that she would have to come to dress, since she was not fully robed. The answer responded that it was to be Lamballe the judges had to see, not her garments. So she was escorted, partially gowned, though still haughty and defiant,

liberty" by the judges within. The crowd outside knew the Princess de Lamballe was to be its next victim. They called her name in great shouts. When the door opened the concierge of the prison, who was conducting her, she thought, to her liberty, bowed with ironical gallantry and said with a sweep of his chapeau:

"Madame la Citoyenne is free to depart. I wish her long happiness and her freedom."

The Princess stepped into the opened door and then shrank back. Outside the crowd greeted her with a mighty roar. Men and women leaped forward. She would have drawn back, but the concierge had closed the door behind her. A savage ruffian caught her by the hair and pulled her down to the crowd in the street. A woman pressed forward and thrust a knife into her neck. The sight of blood trickling from the wound transformed the fury of the mob into frenzy. Her clothes were torn from her body and then her denuded form was passed back over the heads of the crowd until at last it was flung upon a heap of corpses, stabbed through and through.

Thus another life punctuated by the Hope Diamond was brought to a tragic end. When I think of it I can but recall an almost similar death that met Tavernier, who brought the diamond to Europe and who was torn to death by dogs outside the gates of Moscow.

In the meantime the crown jewels, including the Blue Diamond, had been seized by the Jacobin Commune. They were deposited in the Garde Meuble, under guard of the National Militia. In September of 1792 they were mysteriously stolen or abstracted.

It has been hinted that no less a person than the great Murat managed to possess himself of the diamond and that it was in turn stolen from him at the time of his assassination by Charlotte Corday by one of the committee, who sold it to a wealthy Indian potentate, who was then visiting in Paris, and who recognized the stone. This Hindu dared not take it back to India, however, in a form which in any way resembled its original size and shape or could be identified as one of the missing jewels from the sacred temple of Rama in Burma.

He took the stone to Amsterdam, Holland, where the most famous lapidaries of the world have worked for centuries, and delivered it to Wilhelm Fals about the year 1800. Fals was one of the best experts in diamond cutting in the city of Amsterdam.

His task was to recut the diamond, alter its shape and return it, with the salvaged pieces, to the Indian potentate. This he did with great skill, reducing the diamond from 87½ carats to 44½ carats. Thus in passing through the hands of Wilhelm Fals the treasured gem of the French Louis had shrunk of its size when it was the prized jewel of the ladies of the French court and considerably less than half its size when Tavernier brought it to Paris in 1662.

Wilhelm Fals was a man of unimpeachable honesty and high character, but he had a dissolute son, Hendrik. After the father had finished recutting the great stone and had sent word to his customer that the stone was ready for delivery, but before the Indian Prince found it convenient to take it into his possession, it was stolen by the dissolute son, Hendrik. The father, Wilhelm Fals, was ruined and died of a broken heart.

Hendrik Fals, with the diamond in his possession, set out for Paris and sold it to a Frenchman named Francis Beaulieu. With the proceeds of the sale of the stolen gem Hendrik Fals embarked upon a wild orgy of dissipation, and when the last of his money was gone committed suicide in London in 1820.

Ten years later a well-known diamond dealer of London named Daniel Eliason received a message to call at an

address in a poverty-stricken section of the city. With some misgivings Eliason kept the appointment, and found a dying man in utter destitution. It was Francis Beaulieu, and in his wasted hand rested the famous Hope Diamond. He died the day after he sold the jewel.

Eliason realized the wonderful bargain he had made and set himself about finding a purchaser at a good round figure. After many offers he finally sold the diamond in 1830 to the Hopes, the wealthy British bankers, for 18,000 pounds, or about \$90,000.

But during this time, before the diamond came into the possession of my husband, Lord Hope, there were many other interesting episodes in which it was associated, of which I will tell later.

And now, back again to my own story.

So much has been written about me and so much has been whispered about me that I often wonder if people credit a girl of the stage, such as I was, with a deep love of real romance. In my first few years of success on the stage I was much sought after, I must admit, and I had countless proposals of marriage, but I refused them all; I wanted a romance of my own.

In those days almost everything I did was exaggerated, of course, and I was accused of many unconventionalities I would never have dared to be guilty of. But people liked me, and there never was anything seriously said about me. I suppose lots of folk even now think I married Lord Hope as a piece of stage strategy—for the title. Let me tell how I met Lord Hope, and then my readers may see for themselves if it was not just the magic wand of romance playing over me.

I had come back to New York one of the foremost musical comedy stars of the time. Everywhere I was welcomed with plaudits and praise, and there was no salary possible to the theatre I might not have demanded. I was bothered to death with interviews, entertainments, banquets and all the things that come to the professional person who is applauded in the newspapers. So I used to like to get away from it all, for an hour or two a day, and drive in one of the hansom cabs accompanied only by a close friend.

One afternoon I was driving in Central Park when three young men walking at the edge of the road came abreast of us. Each of the young men wore tan walking boots. These were a curiosity in the States then, and I could not help looking closely at the three pairs of feet and the young men who owned them. One of the trio caught me staring at him, and raising his hat, smiled at me. It was a pleasant, frank, genial smile, in which I couldn't take the slightest offense. The young woman with me said:

"That Englishman has kind eyes, Maymie."

"How do you know he's English?" I asked.

"He must be," she replied. "No one but an Englishman would wear such ugly boots."

Then something queer happened. We finished our drive and stopped on Fifth avenue to do a bit of shopping. This was two hours after the incident in the park, but I came out of the shop where we should have run into the sidewalk, looking into the windows of the shop, but the same three young men. They saw us, and the one who had raised his hat to me recognized me and smiled again. I felt weak; a strange sensation came over me, and I staggered a little. My friend clutched my arm and asked me what was the matter. "I don't know," I answered, "but I feel as if my life were going to change from this minute." My friend was not sympathetic. I remember very well her only comment was, "You're crazy with the heat!"

That same night I was a guest at a smart dinner party given at old Delmonico's. When we sat down I suddenly realized that the chair next mine was empty. I asked our host the reason, and he explained that the chair was to have been occupied by an English friend of his who had sent word that he had had a hard day and did not feel quite equal to dining out that night.

I disliked the idea of sitting "next to a draught," as we used to term an empty chair at dinner. I protested to my host, and with mock imperialism demanded that he send a henchman out at once for this unmanly refusal and let him know that May Yohe didn't think much of him anyway, but would rather have him in the chair than no one at all.

Laughingly my host assented, saying the Englishman lived at a hotel not far uptown. An hour later the messenger returned and the transient guest entered the room, a bit sheepish, but smilingly pleasant and apologetic. I had made up my mind to snub the gentleman in the most heinous fashion when he arrived, but this resolve wavered a glimmering when—and my surprise may be imagined—I recognized in him the Englishman of the tan boots.

He, too, was nonplussed, though he recovered himself quite as quickly as I, the accomplished actress. The host came up and was speaking. "Allow me, Miss Yohe, to present Mr. Hope, of England." Not Lord Hope, but just plain Mr. Hope, my readers will notice. It was not until long after I actually was engaged to marry "Mr. Hope" that I learned that he was also "Lord" Hope.

Next week I shall tell of our courtship and of the great surprise that came to me when I realized that I was to become "Lady May."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)



May Yohe and Putnam Bradley Strong during their runaway trip to Japan.

before the tribunal sitting in a room across the courtyard. The examination was very brief. Here is a transcript of it, as it is preserved in the archives of the Bastille:

"Who are you?"

"Marie Therese Louise, Princess of Savoy and Lamballe."

"Your employment?"

"Superintendent of the household of the Queen."

"Have you any knowledge of the plots of the court?"

"I have not."

"Swear to liberty and equality and hatred of the King and Queen?"

"Readily to the former, but not to the latter."

The cruel judge, a mocking gleam in his eyes, said briefly, "Let Madame be set at liberty."

The poor Princess was not aware of the sinister meaning of these words. She was led, half fainting now, not toward the door through which she had entered from the prison courtyard, but to another door that led into the Rue des Ballets, an open street. Here was gathered a wild, shrieking crowd of men and women, hardly human, their feet drenched with blood, waiting to rush forward and hank and tear with all sorts of clubs, axes and stones each aristocrat as he or she came out the door "set at

Moon-flower Gowns

by
Lady Duff
Gordon

The Beauty
of This
Charmeuse
Gown
Is in the
Simplicity and
Perfection
of Its
Drapery.

A Dinner
Gown of Which
Charmeuse,
Chiffon and
Shot Gold Cloth
Are Parts.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

EVENING gowns seem to me moon-flowers, beautiful blossoms that bloom not in the strong sunlight, but beneath the pale moon. They are of all gowns the most poetic. Romance exudes from their gossamer folds.

Three typical moon-flower gowns are exhibited for your pleasure and profit on this page to-day. That in the middle is so flower-like that one can fancy that he hears the flutter of pale petals beneath the moon, that he can see those petals in dim, elusive play with the moonbeams themselves.

The centre picture reproduces a gown that is of silver brocade against a background of satin. It is so draped that it is supported by jeweled bands at the shoulders. A handsome cord and tassel on one side is a punctuation point, so to speak, of the gown's beauty. It is filled in about the décolletage points with chiffon, bordered by a full rucking of the chiffon.

Simpler, yet of much beauty, is the long-sleeved gown shown on the left-hand figure. It is of charmeuse, caught at the hip with a jeweled clasp of sapphires set in cut steel. The beauty of the gown is in its elaborately careless—or seemingly careless—drapery. The surplus effect in front is becoming to all save the most slender type. Relief from the one-tone scheme of the gown is afforded by the turned-back folds of satin at the neck and sleeves. The huge ostrich fan strikes a magnificent note in the color harmony.

The right-hand figure displays a dinner gown of which charmeuse, chiffon and shot gold cloth form parts. Chiffon is draped over a skirt of charmeuse. The blouse, with its kimono sleeves, is made of the shot gold cloth. The striped wide, crush sash is of metallic silk. Note the Oriental effect produced by the large circular jeweled ornament of the corsage. The jeweled band of the low girder, loosely lying about the hips, is of decidedly Oriental appearance.

A Dancing Gown of Silver Brocade
Against a Background of Satin.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

The thought came to him that he might make some excuse and catch the evening train to London. But he was not a man who liked to do so without appearing strange and attracting that attention to himself that wiser counsels told him was not advisable. As he stood by the open door of the omnibus, turning the contents of the basket into a leather satchel, passed out to his bicycle, —Robert had had no intention of retaining Haverford's letter, —he made an error of judgment, crushed it up together with the other paper, and thrust it into his pocket: it was out of the question to replace it in the now empty basket. He went slowly up to his room, to dress.

the arrival of the guests.

"Now when I saw Dad's little study, dramatic scene might have been witnessed. The master of the house, pale but composed, sat at his desk, his hands clasping the arms of his chair so that the fingers were locked, like the patches of white skin. Before him, and far less at his ease, Haverton paced up and down the square of carpet. Now and again he would pass his handkerchief with a nervous gesture, and then he would cast a glance anxiously at the man in the chair.

Dartin ran his tongue over his dry lips. "Now when I saw you, Eddie, I saw him, you say, Eddie, deliberately, 'I get your letter?'"

[illegible]

Then as day followed day and week followed week, months and years passed, no more was made of the prospect of his discovery, he put it from his mind, telling himself that in the long run, the memory of which was now blurred and indistinct, he must have destroyed it. He did not regret that he had done so, for it was hardly likely he would have passed it over. This conviction grew upon him as time passed, until he was certain that it was and it was a rude awakening that Mr. Baptiste Dartin had received the letter.

He glanced at the clock on the desk. He must compose himself and prepare to receive his guests. He had time for only a few minutes, his nerve had, as it were, gone out of train, and there was an exciting force upon him to get ready to receive the guests who were waiting to be taxed to the uttermost.

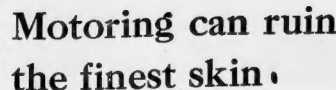
In half an hour Robert Baxterwood would be waiting in the library for the guests, and he must **not** be allowed to suspect anything. Everything must appear as of old. It was before Edgar had happened so suddenly, and he must be as before.



MOTORING the injuries



SERVICE, AND:



in an unpleasant shine. It makes a wonderful protection against sun and dust, and has just the softening elements required to counteract the drying effects of the wind.

Write for free samples of Pond's
Vanishing Cream
and of Pond's Cold
Cream. Or enclose
10 cents for larger
samples of these
two creams.
Address Pond's
Extract Company,
162-4 Hudson St.,
New York.

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Illustrations of various women's clothing items, including dresses, blouses, and hats, with labels 3326, 3317, 3316, 3315, and 3314.

A NEW AND STYLISH GOWN (3317). It is cut in seven sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 54 yards of 42-inch material.

A GOOD STYLE FOR A SCHOOL DRESS (3328). It is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8. Bust measure. A 2-year size will require 33 yards of 44-inch material.

A POPULAR STYLE (3326). It is cut in five sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Bust measure. A 4-year size will require 24 yards of 27-inch material.

A FASHIONABLE WAIST MAKER (3330). It is cut in four sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Bust measure. A 34-inch size will require 34 yards of 27-inch material.

A NEW AND STYLISH MODEL (3319). It is cut in seven sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Bust measure. A 34-inch size will require 34 yards of 27-inch material.

A COMFORTABLE DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (3323). It is cut in five sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require 34 yards of 27-inch material.

A FASHIONABLE ATTRACTIVE HOUSE DRESS (3325). It is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Bust measure.

To obtain any two of these designs, send 10¢ in the form of a paying coupon and mail with 20¢ to:

**BARGAIN DAY,
P. O. BOX NO. 260,
CITY HALL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

IMPORTANT: Send 10¢ in the form of a paying coupon and mail with 20¢ to:

SUNDAY AMERICAN EXAMINER PATTERNS.

BARGAIN DAY

TWO PATTERNS FOR 20¢ OR 12c EACH

3317.....	3320.....	Dust	
3328.....	Years	3149.....	Waist
3326.....	Years	3325.....	Years
		3325.....	Dust
Name			
St. and No.			
City and State			

Send 12c for our **UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1929-1931**

Let us send these stunning Hi-Cut Shoes before you pay a cent. Just fill out and mail this coupon and we will ship them on approval. Such a wonderful bargain you must not lose. Latest French last, fine soft black kid-finished leather, perfectly 1 1/2 inch walking heel. Light weight flexible rubber soles. Sizes 3 1/2 to 8.



Wife writes.

Smartest Styles

One of the season's most outstanding models—the kind you are proud to wear. Guaranteed with about you \$3.98

Buy now! Buy before the March 1st. Buy now! Buy before the March 1st. Buy now! Buy before the March 1st.

For more on arrival. Try them on. Buy for yourself. Buy for your friends. Buy for your family. Buy for your business. Buy for your pleasure. Buy for your peace. If not satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money.

Order No. AX1086.

Send only the coupon.

No money now.

Be sure to give size wanted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

**WARR-
MORTON & CO.**
Dept. 8000 Chicago

Send the Ladies' Hi-Cut Shoes No. AX1000. I will pay \$3.00
for shoes on arrival, and exchange them carefully. If not satis-
fied, I will send them back and you will refund my money.

Name..... Size.....

Address.....

You will love this new product by Watkins—

*This season's fashions are built to display
the hands*

BRILLIANT fans to permit a graceful motion of a perfect hand. Sleeveless gowns that lead the eye down the slender arm to rest on the finger tips. Beads with which pink finger tips may toy.

Never before have hands been so conspicuous, never before have women given so much thought to their care.

The chief beauty of the hands is the nails. The cuticle must be slender, even, firm. It is unpardonable this year not to have perfectly kept nails and cuticle. Fortunately, it is no longer hard to keep the nails lovely.

Fifteen or twenty minutes given regularly each week to this simple scientific method of caring for your nails will keep them always exquisite.

There is no need for the slow, ruinous cutting of the cuticle. Learn to manicure the safe way. Cutting the cuticle leaves a ragged, irregular edge. The more you cut it, the more rapidly the cuticle grows—the tougher and more uneven it becomes.

But with Cutex, the safe cuticle remover, you can rid yourself of superfluous cuticle without cutting.

How to give yourself a perfect manicure

First, file your nails to the desired length and shape. Smooth away any roughness with the emery board.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (you will find both in the Cutex package), and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then work it gently around the base of your nail until the cuticle is softened. Wash your hands, and as you dry them push the cuticle back. Your

For snowy nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. To finish your manicure, use Cutex Nail Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep

Cutex is on sale at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 6cc sizes.

**Six complete manicures
for 20 cents**

Mail the coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today.

Address Northam Warren,
114 West 17th Street, New York
City.

\$1000.00 for a Single Drawing!

THINK OF IT! Leading Illustrators and commercial Artists are **freely** paid \$250, \$500, \$1,000 for single illustrations. For advertising designs—and their work is sought. Thousands of advertisers, periodicals and publishers are **constantly** in need of designs and illustrations every year. If you like to draw, your talent and artistic ability will **earn** you a **substantial** salary. Learn in your spare time the **modern** illustration method—a **copy** endorsed by artists and illustrators of national repute. **Easy to learn, easy to apply.** Write today for a **beautiful** booklet. We have **trained** at-home book-keepers every ambitious young man and woman **able to read** 60 in illustration. **Give** your name and present occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Design
Little Werper Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Watkins, the original, the largest of its kind in the world—the concern that for more than half a century has stood for Quality. This New Gards Face Powder is dainty, alluring, irresistibly charming. So pure, so soft, so perfectly blending and clinging is

Gards Face Powder

that for you it has a new and more beautiful beauty and

that has been a new joy to me. The flowers of Araby, of France and Italy, and the subtle fragrance of the blossoms of the Orient were blended by skillful workmen into a perfume that is the very essence of the Garden odor. Fifty-two years of experience goes into this newest Watkins' product so insure its purity and its fragrance and satisfaction.

You May Have a Sample to Try
by simply sending us your name, address and a 3-cent stamp. We'll let it today and learn also how to get the "Garden of Paradise" perfume and Garden—the new odor.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO.
Winnipeg, Minn.

Men and women
seeking an odor
that is new and
different will
try to experience
the Garden of
Paradise.

Watkins'
Garden of
Paradise

Dept. 263
Garden Perfumery
Company
through our
representative
salesmen

Mail this coupon and two dimes to-day to

Northam Warren, Dept. 823, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



The most humiliating moment in my life

*When I overheard the cause of
my unpopularity among men*

A CHICAGO girl writes me: "Oh, if I had only read one of your articles years ago! Many times I have heard women criticize you for publicly discussing such a delicate personal subject. But I know what I would have been saved had I known these facts sooner, and I know that many of these women who criticize you would benefit by taking your message to themselves.

"I learned the facts about myself, as unpleasant facts often are learned, by overhearing two girl friends talk about me.

"'Why don't the men dance with her?' one of them said. Here came a few words I couldn't catch, and then—of course, she's unconscious of it, poor dear, but she does suffer frightfully from perspiration.'

"It was the most humiliating moment in my life! I, who had prided myself on my daintiness, had overlooked what men could not."

An old fault—common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least expect it.

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot

be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Saves gowns and cleaner's bills

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance.



If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles! Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 50 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming." At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

To remove hair correctly, pleasantly and harmlessly, The Odorono Company's Depilatory has been perfected. Now women of delicacy can avoid the masculine method—from which they have instinctively shrunk! This new depilatory leaves the underarm as smooth and soft and fair as one's cheek—and is odorless, except for a slight fragrance of almonds!

Your favorite toilet counter should be able to supply you at \$1.00 a package (which includes mixing things). If not, use coupon below.

Address mail orders or requests as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agence Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agence Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneva. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Co., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City.

For U. S. A. to

THE ODORONO COMPANY,
50 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Samples of these toilet necessities sent to you immediately!

The Odorono Company,
50 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am enclosing
☐ 6c for sample of Odorono
☐ 6c for sample of Odorono After Cream.
☐ 6c for sample of The Odorono Company's Depilatory.
 or
☐ 14c for package containing samples of all three products above.

Name City
 Street No. State